22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Wednesday.

My Violet.

Rigby agrees with Wilson - says he can give us no idea of how long this can last. Its thought Father will go on getting weaker & weaker becoming unconscious without pain - but I have no idea how long they expect.

It does seem very hard - Life, I am sure, is no pleasure to him - & he would have been glad to die a week ago - but there's no help for it. It is so hard to wait & see him get slowly weaker day by day. But there are the Boys -

Lay to go through in this Brute of a world apparently.

We were out morning & afternoon, Beatrice came to tea. She is extraordinary honest & deep feeling & inarticulate. She lunches with us tomorrow, & brings her Carriage.

I will write more another day. NYPL

Books are such a mercy.

Yr Ff.

Tell me all about your clothes & triumphs.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My Violet

I wish I had time as I have thought to write you a really pretty letter, such as Sparrow can write. But why the Devil do you think a day that you have me? You are a strange woman. Here you ever heard me utter anything but my What-ing with witty a Darlingth but in the Course of our long & tender intimacy? Modesty is attractive — but Lord preserve me from a fit of it! Your little Book lies by me, very transparent

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Have had Gerfroy present today.
Father gave me a ring - really a
beautiful one, which I love, - the first
ring I have ever had. This
time even, has compensations. It
amazes me how much NYPD set out of
my father, still - he says I am a
very good daughter! He is the
most delightful of people - & God
knows how we shall ever get along
alone. But this is not what I
want to say - but blessings on Em,
past future & present - Think
we have asked Selby to lunch on the
Coming. Oh God!

Ever

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1903

My Violet,

I suppose the Hoares have gifted Sir. Rigby Cane this morning a way delighted with fathers state — that is he has got rid of the inflammation, & there is now no complication. It was mainly taking that caused it — wrong medicines & course they the match — Can't do anything to stop the weakness, but apart he has absolutely no pain, & he is much more cheerful, though to watch

I suppose we shall see Eva this
next week – a sad separation.
Kitty came again today – & the Quaker-
Father said 'Dont go' to her
but was through her visit,
when she repeated, with tears in
her eyes – 'Quite worth coming up
for' She said – poor old Creature.
Kitty is unsatisfactory to me – I
like something stronger (NYPL) testing. like
my Violet. even the Gentle
old Beatrice. But she is
entirely a good woman. Poor Wallaby
has had cold feet, or he would
write more fluent. How is

Sarah? nothing in this world but
Deaths & Illness & letters to write &c &c —
I have to write six &c &c —
about Father I hate it —
Can't thank how
God bless us all.

What a Comfort is friendship
in this world. My Violet,
how we do feel for other
people — how we hearing; all
the rest of it — It is those
things that Count in the
next world! — not going into
picturesque Retreat in this.

God bless

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Christmas day.

My Violet.

I can only write a scrawl tonight—
it won't reach till Sunday, Knows when.
Father is just the same—but it is
very hard work. He does want to
have done with it all. So, I can
hardly read an article keenly. & yet
must go on, day after day. He is
comfortable, & happily sleeps a good deal—
they seem as much in the dark as
ever—don't know from day to day what's
going to happen — & refuse to make
any prophesy. If only it could be quick!—
but there's no use in writing all this —
but which only comes over me at times, & I
daresay he forgets it too, sometimes
Beatrice is a fixture here—don't

tell her that - but I love her. She
may come as often as she likes. She stay
all day if she wish. We were out
with her all yesterday afternoon - &
She came to lunch today - & stayed till
7-30 & she comes to lunch tomorrow!

All the same she don't cut you out -
I hope you are getting through with
your Balls. Christmas went off
here splendidly. without much difference.
& we are getting back to our old
everyday ways. as tho' nothing had
happened or were going to happen.
We must go abroad some time - right
away to Italy -

Good night my Violet. You
have made yesterday indispensable here

G. M.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

[1903]

My Violet.

Father's temp. has gone down again. It is just under 101 tonight – but of course it may rise again. He has been asleep almost all day & hasn't wanted to see any visitors. They can't explain it at all – Wilson thinks him weaker, & says he can't rally very much often, but thinks he will get through this, unless the temp – goes very high again, which he says is unlikely.

Take care my Lord Woman, & clear your pipes in the air. Beatrice is more eccentric than ever & Jowett no longer.

Yr DGR.